

Mom's Special
Christmas Present

The following story is a complete work of fiction and fantasy. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Note that as opposed to most of my posted works, this is a stand-alone story, offered as a holiday thanks to all my loyal readers. Keep that in mind when reading—I hope you enjoy it. And please take the time to vote or leave a comment, the authors do appreciate it.

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“Jake, I can’t believe you went to all this trouble!” Tanya Nolan said as her son took his hands from her eyes. The 18-year old had led her into the family dining room with his hands covering her eyes, making sure she enjoyed the surprise.

“Anything for you, Mom, especially at Christmas.”

It was Christmas Eve, and the two of them were alone. Tanya’s husband, Warren, had left just a few days before on business, overseeing an important project for his company in China. He’d been home for close to a month, but was needed back on site by Dec. 23rd for an important meeting with the Chinese delegation funding the project.

“Everything looks so....so wonderful,” Tanya gushed, her eyes taking in the surprising sight before her. Jake had told her he wanted to cook dinner for her on Christmas Eve, but she never expected anything like this. He’d set two spots at the table, one at the end and the other right next to it. He’d used the family’s ‘special dishes’ and silverware. The room was lit only by a number of candles he’d placed on the table, giving it a very intimate ambience. She couldn’t

remember the last time she'd be wooed like this. She smiled inside, feeling so happy her son had gone to so much trouble for her.

“What are we having?” The steaming plate of food sitting before her looked magnificent, and the aroma coming from it was making her mouth water with anticipation.

Jake reached over to the table and handed her a filled wine glass, the scent of the full-bodied red wafting fragrantly into her nostrils. He picked up one for himself as well. “We’re having pepper steak in brandy cream sauce, frites, green beans with almonds, and carrots steamed in broth.”

Tanya looked at her handsome young son, having no idea he had it in him to do something like this. He had taken more of an interest in the kitchen over the last year or so, often helping to prepare meals, especially when she was late coming home from work at the insurance company where she was an office manager. She thought some girl was definitely going to be the lucky one to latch onto him some day. Besides being apparently able to whip up an exquisite meal like this, he wasn't too hard on the eyes either—even to a 40-year old like Tanya. Her son was 6'-2" tall and solid muscle, having spent many hours working out when he wasn't busy playing a variety of sports at his school, where he was a senior and due to graduate this year. He had a shock of dark curly hair that he kept quite short, making his masculine features even more attractive. His bold cheekbones, long slim nose, full lips and deep blue eyes had made more than one schoolgirl dampen her panties when she saw him in class.

Jake knew the opposite sex found him attractive, but he never flaunted his good looks—he just carried himself with a quiet confidence that people found charismatic. He never acted condescending to his male friends, and was always considerate and polite to everyone. He was the kind of person that guys wanted to be like, and girls wanted to be with. It wasn't just girls that were drawn to Jake—older women especially seemed enamored with the young man. He'd bedded more than his share of MILFs in the last little while, including a number of mothers of both male and female friends from school. It seemed as if once word got out about the size of his prodigious cock, he had no end of requests from neighborhood women to come over and help them with little chores they were having difficulty with—a number of them good friends of his mother. It wasn't just those desperate housewives either, there were a few of his teachers thrown in there as well, even the 48-year old principal of his school, Mrs. Knight. But there was one older woman who he'd always wanted to bed—the woman standing next to him right now.

“Oh Jake,” Tanya said as she reached out and tenderly touched her son's arm. “Everything looks, and smells, absolutely incredible. Really, you didn't have to go to all this trouble for me.”

“I wanted to, Mom, especially after what happened last week. I want to make you happy, and you know I'd do anything for you.”

Both of them thought back to the incident Jake had been referring to. At the end of the previous week, his father had wanted to take them

out to dinner someplace nice, since he was going to be away at Christmas. They'd gotten dressed up and Jake hadn't been able to take his eyes off his mother the whole night. Like himself, she was quite tall, about 5'-9", and she looked even taller in the 4" black spike-heeled pumps she'd chosen to wear that night. She'd worn a form-fitting black dress that hugged her mature body deliciously, the deeply scooped neck displaying an enticing amount of cleavage. And Jake knew from the numerous times he'd spent raiding her laundry basket and underwear drawer that those tremendous globes filling that dress so provocatively were 36Es, and all natural. Looking past her ample bosom, the dress followed the alluring contours of her mature hourglass figure, accentuating her narrow waist and then flowing out over her wide motherly hips. The dress came to mid-thigh, and her long, toned legs were luxuriously encased in sheer black stockings, her high heels making her shapely legs look incredibly sexy. Her frosty blonde hair rested charmingly on her shoulders, sensually framing her pretty face. She had the same deep blue eyes as her son, and her slim nose drew your eyes naturally to her full lips, accented attractively that night with a glossy covering of bright red lipstick. When she'd come down the stairs and Jake had seen her, his sizeable cock instantly started to stiffen, causing him to hold his jacket in front of his crotch to hide the growing bulge.

Dinner had gone well, with Jake's eyes straying to his mother's mesmerizing cleavage time and again. He couldn't believe his father seemed so unaware of the disarming attractiveness of his wife. The waiters and male patrons blatantly ogled his stacked mother, a fact that his father seemed totally oblivious to. But Jake had noticed things had been like that for years, his father's attention to his beautiful wife waning.

Jake seemed to take after his mother's side of the family, with his father being a very small man—only an inch or so taller than his mother, and very slightly-built—scrawny, basically. He was a timid man, quietly going about his business. However, he was a good provider—Jake had to give the man that much. As he had gotten older, Jake couldn't see what his mother saw in the man. Jake could tell she was an incredibly sexy woman, who he sensed needed a lot of satisfying. Many of his friends were constantly telling him how hot she was, and Jake definitely had no argument against that. He thought of all those times when he'd had one of the neighborhood women kneeling between his legs sucking him off—and he'd been lying there thinking about his mother the whole time. He'd pictured her pretty face and gorgeous stacked body as those MILFs had blown him, thinking of his mother's pouty red lips sliding up and down his rigid prick as he'd filled those women's mouths with cum. He knew his mother wasn't getting satisfied by her husband, and now fate had handed Jake an opportunity to see if he could give her just what he thought she needed.

They had left the restaurant after their pre-Christmas dinner out and headed home. His mother wanted to stop at a liquor store and pick up a couple of bottles of wine to have around during the Christmas holidays. While his parents had gone into the liquor store, Jake had headed to the variety store further down in the plaza, wanting to pick up some condoms. Earlier in the day, Principal Knight had called him into her office and hinted that she might be needing another repeat performance of the one he'd given her a week or so ago. She'd closed the office door and sucked a load out of him right there, but

he knew she wanted more. He expected a text to appear on his cell phone at any time.

With a package of Magnum XXLs in his pocket, he started walking back to his parent's car, parked next to a couple of others in front of the liquor store at the end of the plaza. He was just about to let himself into the back seat when he heard his father's voice coming from around the corner of the building.

"Please, don't hit me," he heard his father say in a tremulous voice. The tone in his father's voice put Jake on full alert. He hurried to the corner and stopped in his tracks, taking in the frightening scene in front of him. About twenty feet down the side of the building, two young men had his mother and father pushed up against the wall. One guy had his hand against his father's chest, pinning him against the wall, while his other fist was drawn back in a threatening manner. The two guys looked like a couple of punks, dressed in hoodies with ball caps turned sideways, both of them wearing those fucked-up baggy jeans hanging halfway off their asses. The second one bothered him more—the one with his hands on his mother. He had her pushed up against the wall as well, one hand mashed up over her ample breasts, while his other hand was trying to push up the hem of her dress as she struggled against him.

"I'll...I'll give you all the money I have—just don't hit me," Jake heard his father say again. Jake was instantly furious, both at the two assholes threatening his parents, but also with his father for what he'd just heard him say. Jake knew his father was a selfish man, but it shocked him to think his father had so little concern for his wife

who was being molested right next to him. He didn't seem to be making any effort to stick up for her at all, and only seemed to care about his own well-being. In the seconds it took Jake to take in the whole scene, he could see that his father was barely resisting, just standing against the wall with his hands up in surrender, giving in to their assailants.

"HEY!" Jake yelled as he rushed forward. "GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF HER." He barreled into the guy attacking his mother, sending him flying. Startled, the other guy let go of his father and took a swing at Jake. Jake ducked, the guy's clenched fist whiffing wildly through empty air. With the guy off balance, Jake grabbed him by the head and drove a knee into his gut.

"WHOOOF!" The air came out of the punk in a loud wheeze as he dropped to his knees. The first guy had gotten to his knees and turned on Jake. Jake sidestepped a feeble kick and grabbed the guy's flailing arm as he tried to follow up his wild kick with a punch. Jake twisted the arm firmly behind the guy's back and drove his face into the brick wall of the building.

"AAAAHHH!" The guy wailed as Jake dragged him sideways, the skin of the guy's cheek shredding against the rough brick surface. With the fuckhead's arm turned halfway up his back, Jake kept him pressed against the wall and took hold of the guy's thumb, wrenching sharply backwards. "SNAP!"

"OWWWWWWWW!" The punk shrieked, his broken thumb sending intense pain shooting throughout his body.

“CLICK!” At the sound behind him, Jake let go of the guy, who slumped to the ground whimpering. The first guy who’d been trying to feel up his mother was back on his feet, a jackknife in his hand. Jake could feel his blood boiling at what he’d seen this guy doing to his mother, and a little fucking knife wasn’t going to deter him.

“YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!” He said in a deep menacing voice as he lunged forward, knocking the guy’s arm to the side with a swipe of his closed fist before sending a vicious kick right into the punk’s groin.

“OOOMMPHHH!” Like the other delinquent he’d kneed in the midsection, this guy went to his knees as well, his hands clutching his smashed nuts. His buddy grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him to his feet, both of them scrambling away into the darkness.

Jake stood and breathed deeply, trying to slow his racing heart as his fists slowly unclenched.

“Jake, are you alright?” his mother asked, rushing up to him and hugging him.

“I’m fine,” Jake said. Even under the bizarre circumstances, he was still thrilled by the warm feeling of her huge breasts pressing against him. He took her shoulders in his hands and held her away from

him, looking at her tear-streaked face intently. "What about you, Mom? Did that guy hurt you?"

"No...no," Tanya said, shaking her head vigorously. "You...you got here just in time." They both looked over at Warren Nolan, still leaning against the wall of the building.

"Dad, are you okay?" Jake asked.

"Yes....yes," Warren replied, stepping over next to them. "Thank you, son. I...I really mean that." He looked embarrassed, knowing they'd heard what he'd said to the muggers. He held up the car keys to Jake, his hand shaking. "Uh, maybe you'd better drive."

It wasn't until they got to the front of the building where the lighting was better that Jake and Tanya noticed that Warren has pissed himself, the front of his pants soaked through. With Jake at the wheel and Warren in the back seat, none of them spoke about it all the way home.

Jake pulled the dining room chair out for his mother as she slid into it gracefully. With it being Christmas Eve, her office had closed early. Tanya had come home, only to have her teenage son shush her out of the kitchen, making her promise to stay out until he called her. She'd asked him to get her a glass of wine, and then she'd retired to

her room. She'd changed into black yoga pants and, with it being Christmas time, she'd chosen a vivid red turtleneck sweater to go with it. The sweater hugged her generous bosom flatteringly, the vertical ribs of the fabric swelling in and out as they followed the curvy contours of her full breasts. Slipping on her yoga pants, she smiled to herself as she thought about how popular they had become. She had been wearing them for years, having taken up yoga at about age 30 in order to help keep her maturing form limber and toned. Once dressed in her casual attire, she'd picked up a novel she'd been meaning to get to, took a sip of her wine, and sat back in the lounging chair she had in her room, grateful that the holidays were finally here.

Jake's eyes raked over his mother's lush form as she took her seat at the dining table, her yoga pants lusciously hugging that beautiful round ass of hers. And her red sweater...man, her tits looked fantastic, the tempting shadows cast by her 36Es causing his hands to itch. He'd been wearing ratty old jeans and a t-shirt while he'd been preparing dinner, but once everything was just about ready, he'd changed into a nice clean pair of jeans and a casual blue shirt, open at the neck. He nicely filled out the shirt, the soft blue fabric draping nicely from his broad shoulders and V-shaped torso. He knew he filled out his jeans nicely too, at least that's what the MILFs he'd been with lately had been only too happy to tell him. He'd gone commando, not wanting anything to get in the way, should his subtle plan come to fruition.

They enjoyed their meal, Tanya praising Jake repeatedly as she'd savored the delicious food. Jake had thanked her, keeping her wine glass constantly filled, hoping to loosen up her inhibitions for his

upcoming plans. His parents had no problem with him drinking wine with dinner, but he just sipped at his glass, wanting to make sure he was perfectly sober for what lay ahead.

“Do you miss Dad, Mom?” Jake asked at one point.

Tanya gave a shrug of her shoulders as she picked up her glass of wine. “It’s strange him not being here at Christmas time....but honestly, I think we need a bit of a break right now.” Mother and son shared a look, both of them knowing what she said had something to do with what had happened outside the liquor store the week before.

Jake nodded, not wanting to put his mother under the spotlight even more. “Did he give you your Christmas present before he left?”

“Yes. A remote car starter,” Tanya replied with wry smile on her face, holding her empty wine glass forward for Jake to fill again.

“A remote car starter,” Jake said as he sloshed some more of the bold red into her glass. “That’s real romantic, isn’t it?”

Tanya just shook her head, and took another sip of her wine.

“Mom, how about we exchange our gifts tonight? I’m not a little kid anymore, and that way we can sleep in tomorrow?”

“Alright, that sounds good. Sleeping in....I can really use that.”

Jake got up, cleared away the dishes and went over to the Christmas tree, the lit-up tree situated in the corner of the great room/dining room space. He was just about to pick up the packages he’d just put there a few hours ago, when his mother’s voice stopped him.

“That green and red one in the front is for you,” she said, motioning to a small soft package near his feet.

Jake picked it up, and then retrieved the three packages he’d wrapped for his mother.

“Those are all for me?” Tanya asked, a big smile on her face as she watched her son put the nicely-wrapped presents on the table.

“Well, for a start, anyways.”

“For a start? Jake, really now, you didn’t need to do that.”

“Mom, it’s my pleasure,” her son replied, hoping he’d get his own pleasure a little later.

“Okay, you go first,” Tanya said excitedly, eagerly eyeing up the presents before her.

Jake tore open the package, reached inside and pulled out his present. “Socks and underwear! Thanks, Mom.”

“There should be something....aaah, there it is—between those two pairs of socks.”

Jake pulled out a folded piece of paper stuffed between the socks. He opened it, and then turned to his mother, holding up the check she’d placed there. “Thanks, Mom. That’s great. I can really use this.”

“Well, I know you’re saving for a car, so I thought that would come in handy. Just don’t tell your father how much I made it out for,” Tanya said secretively, giving her son a little wink. “I’m sorry there’s not really anything else for you to open, other than the check. Are you sure it’s okay?”

“It’s perfect, Mom. Trust me. Now it’s your turn.” Jake was hoping the present he really wanted would be coming soon enough.

“Okay,” Tanya said with a smile. She looked down at the three colorful presents in front of her. “Okay, which one should I open first?”

“That one there,” Jake replied, pointing to a rectangular-shaped box.

Tanya picked it up and shook it, just like a little kid. “I wonder what it is. It feels like clothing, but the box is too big for a scarf.”

He smiled and held his hands up in the air innocently, as if he had no idea what was in the packages. Up until now, the only items of clothing Jake had ever given his mother as gifts had been stuff like scarves or gloves. That was definitely going to change this year.

Tanya carefully undid the ribbon adorning the fancy package, opened the wrapping, and then lifted the lid off the slender box. She unfolded the tissue paper covering the mysterious gift and then reached in with her delicate hands, carefully lifting out the item inside.

“Oh Jake, it’s....it’s so beautiful,” Tanya gushed, holding up a gorgeous electric-blue cocktail dress. She looked the beautiful dress up and down, the sight of it almost taking her breath away. “This must have cost a fortune. Jake, you don’t need to spend your money on me like this. Save it for yourself.”

“Don’t worry about it, Mom. I’m doing alright on those part-time jobs I’ve been getting.” That was quite the understatement. All those neighborhood women who’d peculiarly needed help with chores had been uncharacteristically generous. One of his mother’s best friends, Sue Marks, had given him \$200 for using his plunger to clean out her pipes. Even his English teacher, Mrs. Carapella, had given

him the same amount for filling in that trench of hers that Mr. Carapella had been neglecting for years.

“This...this dress,” Tanya said, her eyes taking in every intricate detail of the sensuous garment. “It’s absolutely breathtaking.”

“I feel the same way about you, Mom,” Jake replied, giving his mother a warm smile.

“Oh Jake, you’re so good to me.” With tears welling in her eyes, Tanya leaned over and kissed her son tenderly on the cheek. The alluring scent of her shampoo and perfume flooded his senses, sending an electric jolt right down to his midsection.

“You have to open that one next,” Jake said, pointing to a smaller square-ish package.

Smiling from ear to ear now, Tanya opened the present and reached inside, drawing out a pair of shoes. “Oh my, they match perfectly.” The 4” spike-heeled shoes had a sharply-pointed toe made of blue leather, and then were open all the way back to another small piece of molded leather that formed the back of the heel, with a narrow blue strap that wound around the ankle. The shoes were a perfect match for the dress, and incredibly sexy.

Tanya looked from the shoes to the dress, and then back again, beside herself with happiness. "Oh Jake, it's all so pretty. I love it. But where am I ever going to wear something like this?"

"Maybe you and I can go out to a club sometime. I look old enough to get in—and you know I have a fake I.D." Tanya smiled at that, holding the dress up to herself. This was just the reaction Jake was hoping for. "Mom, why don't you try it on? Make sure it fits okay."

"Okay," Tanya replied excitedly. "I can't wait to see it myself." She stood up and reached for the edge of the table, feeling a little dizzy. "Oh dear, I guess I better ease up on the wine a little bit."

"Nonsense," Jake replied languidly. "You're on vacation, Mom. Enjoy yourself." She smiled in agreement and was just about to go when Jake's voice stopped her. "Oh yeah, I nearly forgot. You better open that last package. The girl in the store where I got that stuff suggested something else that she thought would be perfect with the outfit. I thought it was a good idea too. I hope you don't mind."

Intrigued now, Tanya slid the shiny ribbon off the smaller present remaining and opened the wrapping. Once again, she opened the box and folded back the tissue paper inside.

"Aaaaah!" She gave a sharp intake of breath as she lifted a stunning blue bra from inside the package. Holding onto the ribbon-like shoulder straps, she looked down at the substantial bra cups, the curving spheres made of royal blue satin trimmed with intricate

black lace. She could feel the hidden underwire beneath her fingertips, knowing it was structurally similar to other bras she wore. The bra was simply exquisite, intricately dainty and totally feminine, yet she could tell it had the structural integrity to carry the heavy weight she'd be filling it with. Holding onto the sexy bra with one hand, she reached inside and drew out a matching pair of French-cut panties. She held them up, the smooth satin feeling deliciously cool beneath her fingertips, the high-cut leg openings making her wonder what they would look like on.

"Do you like them?" Tanya heard her son's voice speaking to her in a soft lulling tone as she continued to stare at the sexy underwear in her hands, loving the feel of the sensual garments.

"They're beautiful," she replied softly, turning the bra over to look at the size on the label: 36E. "But how did you know my....." She stopped without finishing and looked at her 18-year old son, a calm knowing look in his eyes. "Never mind—I think I know."

Tanya gave her son a coquettish smile as she looked down at him, knowing exactly how he'd known her size. There had been many times over the years that she'd found evidence of her son's fascination with her underwear. She knew he made it a habit to raid her laundry basket, and then return the stolen goods when he was done. She'd found many of her bras and panties spackled with semen, and knew from the impressive size of the loads shot onto them that they hadn't come from her husband. She'd loved the fact that a handsome young man like her son found her attractive. She knew many other mothers would have scolded their sons if they'd

found something like that—but not Tanya. She let him do as he wished with her frilly delicates, knowing it was something harmless that most growing boys did.

“Okay, Dear” Tanya said with a sly smile on her face as she picked up all of her new presents. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

Jake watched her walk unsteadily up the stairs, a lewd grin spreading across his handsome face. Things were working out perfectly. He went over to the cabinet with the sound system and plugged in his iPod, queuing up some songs he’d downloaded earlier. They were all slow love songs from the ‘80’s that he knew his mother liked. He went into the kitchen and cleaned up, loading the dishwasher and putting the pots and pans to soak in the sink. Returning to the dining room, he drained the last of the bottle of wine into his mother’s glass and opened a new bottle, topping up both of their glasses, although his original one was still more than half full. He adjusted his semi-hard prick in his jeans, and then sat down and waited, anxious for his sexy mother to return.

When Tanya got to her room, she could feel herself flushing. She didn’t know if it was from the wine, or from the intimate Christmas gifts she’d just received from her son—maybe it was a bit of both. She had absolutely adored the little dress, and then loved the sexy shoes that went with it. But when she opened the present with the bra and panty set, she didn’t know what to think. The delicate items were so pretty, and so sexy, that she fell in love with them just by looking at them. She knew her son found her attractive, and she couldn’t deny the perverted thrill it gave her to see the trouble he’d

gone to in picking all those things out for her. She loved him so much, and after what he'd done by defending her against those muggers last week, he deserved to know how much she appreciated what he had done for her. If he wanted to see her in the things he'd bought for her, she was more than willing to model it for him. She figured there'd be no harm in that, and it gave her a lascivious thrill to know that her own son would likely jerk off thinking about her when he went to bed tonight. She thought to herself how flattering it was to get some attention from at least one male in this house.

Tanya stripped off her clothes and put on the new bra and panties, loving the look of herself in the mirror as the powerfully-structured bra pushed her voluptuous breasts together and up enticingly. The upper swells of her tits were almost spilling over the lush bra cups, the delicate black lace looking exquisite against the smooth creamy skin of her breasts as the royal blue cups hugged her curving mounds enticingly. The panties fit wickedly high on her wide motherly hips, the cool satin feeling sinfully wicked against her skin. They both fit perfectly, and she smiled to herself as she thought about her handsome son knowing exactly what size she wore.

She held the dress up in front of her, loving how the electric-blue color pulled out the blue in her eyes. Of course, Jake would have known that when he picked it out. She could see that the little cocktail dress would end high on her thighs, and she knew with this kind of outfit, no stockings were required. She took some cream off her dressing table and rubbed it into her long shapely legs, making them look sleek and shiny. She knew Jake would like that. She rubbed the cream onto her arms, knowing they would be bare as well. She slipped the dress over her body, reaching behind her to pull

the zipper up into place. Tanya smiled as she looked in the mirror, the beautiful blue dress looking absolutely spectacular on her. The slim-fitting dress fit her lush body like glove, molding itself to every sweeping curve and inviting valley. She adjusted her breasts, making sure 'the girls' were on display to their best advantage. Tanya stepped into the new shoes and did up the slim bands around her trim ankles. She stood up and walked from side to side in front of the mirror, loving the way the sky-high heels made her toned legs look even more attractive and sexy. Picking up a tube of lipstick, she applied a generous coating to her full pouty lips, turning her mouth into a brilliant red slash. She fluffed her lustrous blonde hair, the cascading locks looking wild and sultry as they fell about her shoulders.

Jake heard his mother coming down the stairs before he saw her. He got up from the table and turned expectantly, waiting for her to come down the staircase. Her long legs came into view first, glistening in the warm amber glow from the candlelight. Her legs looked incredible, long and shapely and shining invitingly, as if they had some kind of oil on them. Jake could feel his prick lurch as she reached the bottom of the stairs and turned towards him, his eyes taking in the sight of her full mature body as she walked into the room. The blue dress he'd picked out was stunning, fitting her lush contours like a second skin, emphasizing her generous breasts just the way he'd hoped. The deeply-scooped neck revealed a mile-long stretch of cleavage, her spectacular tits swelling against the confining fabric of the dress. He knew his mom's breasts were huge, but he also knew that heavily-reinforced bra he'd gotten her made them look even more breathtaking.

His eyes followed the compelling lines of the little bandage dress downwards, where the supple blue fabric nipped in smoothly at her trim waist and then flared out seductively over her wide motherly hips. He found himself licking his lips as he looked at the hem of the skirt, the tight sheath ending teasingly just a few inches below the pussy from which he had emerged eighteen years ago. His mother looked absolutely dazzling in the outfit, the dress and shoes showing off her shapely hourglass figure and long toned legs exquisitely. He looked up to her face, his gaze settling on her lovely features. Her blonde hair framed her face attractively, and her lipstick-covered lips were turned up in a beguiling smile as she came towards him—her warm blue eyes accentuated enchantingly by the vivid electric blue of the dress. Based on the swelling he was feeling in his loins, Jake knew he'd made an excellent choice when he'd decided on this outfit.

“Wow!” Jake said, his eyes blatantly roaming up and down his mother's body as she stood before him. “Mom, you look fantastic!”

“Thanks, Sweetie,” Tanya replied, tilting her head coquettishly, feeling herself tingling with excitement under her son's leering stare. “But I should be the one thanking you—you're the one who picked it out.” She reached out and took the offered wine glass from her son's hand, a mischievous glint in her eye. “Maybe I should take you shopping with me next time I go.”

“I'd like that.”

“I'm sure you would,” Tanya said teasingly, raising her glass. “What should we drink to.....Christmas?”

“To Christmas and beautiful women,” Jake replied, raising his glass to hers. They clinked glasses and each of them took a sip.

“And to handsome young men who come to the rescue of damsels in distress,” Tanya said, giving her son a beguiling look that he felt right down to his groin. She clinked her glass to his and took another drink, the warmth of the wine flowing from her throat throughout her entire body.

‘Avalon’, by Roxy Music came over the sound system—one of her favorites. “Dance with me, Mom,” Jake said, taking the glass from her hand and setting it on the table.

Tanya could feel the wine hitting her as she let her son take her hand and pull her close to him, one arm slipping around her back as he drew her body against his. He felt so strong, so confident in himself as he held her and started to move to the slow pulsing beat of the music. It had been a long time since she’d felt like this with a man, and she felt herself letting her body meld into his, savoring the comforting sensation of being wrapped up in the cloaking warmth of someone so masculine. Tanya felt so blissfully content, so free. She closed her eyes and let her son hold her close to his swaying body as she listened to the beautiful song, to Bryan Ferry’s sexy trilling voice, the rich tones setting fire to the smoldering embers of her libido, the lush melodies of ‘Avalon’ carrying her away.

Jake could feel his mother pressing herself against him, her huge breasts rubbing warmly against his chest, her sexy body moving languidly against his as they danced, the soothing rhythm of the romantic song flowing through their connected bodies. He could feel his prick swelling in his jeans, the beefy tube of flesh thickening and rising towards his waistband.

“Does Dad make you happy, Mom?” he asked.

Tanya tipped her head back slightly, awakening from the trancelike state she’d slipped into as they’d danced. “He....he takes good care of us.”

“That’s not what I mean.” Jake moved against his mother as they danced, rolling his hips just enough so that she couldn’t help but feel the sizable bulge of his growing erection. “Does he satisfy you?”

“I....I....,” Tanya stammered, unable to think straight, her mind swirling as she realized the astonishing size of her teenage son’s stiffening cock as it pressed into her belly.

“I know what a satisfied woman looks like,” Jake continued, speaking to his mother in a lulling hypnotic voice. “I see you every day, Mom, and I know you need more than Dad can give you. A beautiful woman like you needs a lot of satisfying.”

Tanya was gasping, breathless with confusion and anticipation of what her son was saying to her and doing to her. Her body was thrumming with illicit excitement as she felt her son's prodigious member pushing against her. She could tell it was huge, substantially bigger than her husband's penis. She knew she should pull away — this was her own son, for God's sake. But she couldn't. It...it felt too good to be so close to, and to feel so wanted by, someone so masculine. And those things he was saying about her and her husband, she knew in her heart he was right—her husband had never been able to make love to her the way she desired, the way she needed.

Jake slid his hands down his mother's back, running them over his mother's sumptuous heart-shaped bum, pulling her midsection flush up against his. "I can give you just what you need," Jake said, lowering his lips to hers, his riveting blue eyes locked onto hers.

Tanya saw the lust in her son's eyes and felt a shiver run down her spine just before his full wide mouth pressed against hers. Her eyes closed instinctively as she felt his soft lips on hers, his tongue sliding between her parted lips. She felt mesmerized as she slumped against him in surrender, rolling her tongue against his and drawing it deeper into the hot wet confines of her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm.....," they both moaned into each other's mouth as they kissed passionately, deeply. Tanya's arms looped around her son's neck as she tipped her face up to his, letting him know she was his for the taking. As they kissed, Jake slid one hand up the front of her body, his big hand cupping an even bigger tit. He hefted the

tremendous mound, feeling the impressive weight in his hand. He slid his fingers all around the swelling globe, his fingertips seeking out the protruding bud of her nipple. He rubbed his index finger over it, feeling it stiffening and swelling under his touch.

“Jake, we....we shouldn’t,” Tanya gasped, summoning up the willpower to draw her mouth away from his.

Jake could see the wanton desire in her eyes—he’d seen it with many of the older women he’d bedded recently. His mother might be saying one thing, but her lush body pressing against him was saying something else—and he knew exactly what that was. “Yes, we should.....and we’re going to,” he said confidently. “I’ve got another present I’ve been saving just for you.” He took her hand in his and pressed it against the throbbing bulge in his jeans.

“Oh my God,” Tanya said to herself as her slender hand closed instinctively over the hard column of flesh threatening to burst forth from the restrictive confines of his jeans. Her son’s cock was enormous—she’d never seen or felt one anywhere close to this size in her entire life. She was tingling with excitement as her hand closed around it, feeling the intense heat of the pulsing member coming right through his clothing.

“Take it out,” Jake whispered hypnotically.

With her sizable breasts heaving with every ragged breath she took, Tanya reached down between them and undid her son’s belt, pulling

it open and then undoing the button of his jeans. As the button gave way, his throbbing prick lurched toward the opening, the huge bulbous head visible but still trapped beneath the waistband. She could feel a fine sheen of perspiration on her forehead, her heart racing, her whole body flushed with excitement. With trembling fingers, she reached down and slowly undid his zipper.....ZZZZZZZZZ.....

“Oh fuck,” Tanya muttered under her breath as her son’s fly gaped open, his engorged erection lancing up and thrusting into the air. The huge mushroom head pulsed hotly, the crimson crown appearing to search for a target like a heat-seeking missile. Her hand was drawn magnetically to the huge column of muscular flesh, her slender fingers circling the rigid shaft in a clutching grasp. The girth was so immense that the fingertips of her hand couldn’t even reach the base of her palm. She slid her hand upwards, feeling the outer sheath sliding hotly beneath her fingers. She felt her heart flutter, feeling the tremendous power of her son’s enormous cock in her pumping hand. She wondered how something could feel so incredibly hard and yet so sinfully soft at the same time.

“So, Mom, do you really think we shouldn’t?” Jake asked teasingly as he pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. He could see his mother looking at his muscular V-shaped torso wantonly as her hand continued to milk away at his surging prick. He pushed his pants down to his ankles and stepped out of them, kicking them aside. They were close to a wall and Jake pushed her backwards until she was leaning against it, her hand still stroking slowly up and down along the length of his thrusting erection, the wet red eye oozing pre-cum onto her pumping fingers. He slipped his own hand

beneath his mother's dress and placed it right over the front of her panties—they were soaking wet.

"Looks like I'm not the only one enjoying this," Jake said as he leaned in and kissed her again, his mother's lips and mouth hungrily attacking his this time. As she sucked on his probing tongue, he took a firm hold of her panties, and pulled.

RRRRIPPPPP!!!! The sound of the shredding garment filled the air.

"Aaahhh," Tanya gasped, looking up at her son, her eyes ablaze with excitement.

"I'll buy you a new pair," Jake said, tossing the torn panties aside and closing in on his mother. He brought his hands beneath her curvy bum-cheeks and lifted her into the air. He pushed her back against the wall and let his hands slide along the backs of her thighs, pulling her legs apart. As the gap between her creamy thighs widened, the hem of her short dress rose higher and higher. Holding her up, he pulled her legs further and further apart until her shaven pussy came clearly into view, the livid petals of her swollen labia glistening wetly.

"Oh Mom, you are so beautiful," Jake said as he shifted closer, bringing his pulsing stallion-like erection to the dripping gates of her oily snatch. He shifted his hands back under her full round bum, hoisting her further up. With his mother's curvy body pressed back against the wall and her legs draped over his muscular arms, Jake

flexed his hips forward, pushing the lemon-sized crown of his rigid cock against her dripping cunt-lips.

“Oh my God,” Tanya whispered under her breath as she looked down between their bodies, the engorged mushroom head of her son’s huge cock pressed flush up against her vividly pink labia. She watched in awe as he rolled his hips, slowly working the enormous crown between her gooey pussy-lips, the wet tissues parting and adhering tightly to his throbbing erection as he started to enter her. She could feel the intense heat radiating off his massive prick, the enflamed knob stretching her dripping hole as he insistently pressed forward. She was gasping as she watched, her enormous breasts heaving as her heart raced, the passion within her body taking over. As her clutching labia closed down over the scarlet ridge of his rope-like corona, Jake stopped, holding himself still as he savored the feeling of being inside the steaming channel which had given birth to him so many years before.

“Mom, you’re nice and wet, just the way I like a woman to be,” Jake said, rolling his hips salaciously, keeping his throbbing erection poised at the introitus of his mother’s hot oily cunt.

“Jake, I...I don’t think....,” Tanya whimpered in mild protest. Jake never listened, but flexed forward, slowly driving more of his rigid member into her yearning snatch. Tanya gasped as she felt her vagina stretching around the tremendous girth slipping inside her, the clenching walls of her juicy twat pulling at the hard, invading cock.

“Oh Jake, it’s so....so big,” she groaned, throwing her arms around his neck as he went deeper.

Jake loved this part—the struggle as a woman’s beckoning cunt yielded to him for the first time, the hot wet tissues inside them stretching reluctantly under the onslaught of his enormous cock, until finally, the woman’s willing body surrendered, flooding their hungry channel with their oily juices, inviting him to go deeper and deeper.

With his mother pinned against the wall, Jake thrust forwards, driving his rampant prick further into her seeping canal, the tight folds of flesh inside her stretching and stretching before giving way, and then claspng tightly to the invading monster as it slipped deeper, her greasy discharge paving the way to her womb.

Tanya was thrashing about, impaled mercilessly on her son’s prodigious dick as it thrust into her, the incredible thickness of it totally filling her as he went deeper than any man she’d had previously. As her head lolled from side to side in blissful pleasure, she happened to glance down. Thinking she was as full as she could be, she was shocked to see at least three throbbing inches of his livid boner still outside of her, her vivid pink labia clinging tightly as they circled the veiny shaft.

“I’m gonna make you come with this, Mom,” Jake said, drawing his hips backwards and then flexing forwards, sending the blood-engorged helmet all the way into her.

“OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK,” Tanya moaned loudly, her head banging against the wall as the hard fleshy stake rising from her son’s loins tore further into her steaming box, relentlessly, mercilessly, splitting her wide open.

Jake gripped tightly to his mother’s flared hips as he drove his turgid cock as far into her as he could, feeling the intense heat of her searing snatch enveloping him like a hot buttery fist. With an inch left to go, he thrust forward, sending the enflamed knob crashing against her cervix.

“OHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDD,” Tanya groaned deep in her throat as she started to come, twitching and shaking spasmodically as a blistering climax shot through her body. The muscles on the insides of her creamy thighs were twitching as she breathed rapidly, her lush breasts rising and falling with each ragged breath, her whole body overwhelmed with the exquisite sensations of a mind-numbing orgasm. She thought she was going to pass out from the intensity of the luscious sensations coursing through her as her tingling release went on and on, her body thrumming like a plucked guitar string.

Jake loved the look on his mother’s face as she gasped hotly, her eyes closed in bliss, her body thrashing about like a ragdoll as his thrusting erection rubbed salaciously against the door of her womb. He’d seen that look before on nearly all of the older women he’d bedded. He knew that, like them, once his mother had a taste of what he could do for her, she’d never be able to get enough. It thrilled him to know that this was the woman he had always wanted more than

any of the others, the woman who he had jerked off to for years now, the woman who inhabited all of his nastiest fantasies – fantasies he now hoped were about to come true.

“Oh fuck, it’s so hard,” Tanya moaned, her twitching body slowly coming back under control as her orgasm started to wane. Jake wanted to keep her going, so he drew back and then flexed forward, starting to fuck her. His mother threw her arms around his neck as she held on, his young muscular hips driving her repeatedly against the wall as he pistoned back and forth, powering his enormous cock all the way into her with each hammering thrust.

“OH NO....NOT AGAIN,” Tanya gasped, his massive cock-head triggering another fervent orgasm from deep inside her hot oily cunt. Jake continued to fuck her, his rigid fuck-stick tearing into her as she convulsed on his impaling member like a caged animal, paroxysms of pleasure wracking her stacked mature body.

“Unh...unh...unh,” His mother moaned with each hammering thrust as he went balls deep, intent on bottoming out with every delicious stroke. Her huge breasts were heaving wantonly, and with his driving hips keeping her pinned to the wall, he brought his hands up and filled them with her generous tits. As she trembled and shook, he pulled the shoulder straps of the dress down her arms, exposing her massive guns, gorgeously encased in the blue satin bra he’d given her. The structured cups barely contained the swelling globes, her fleshy tits almost spilling out of the sexy garment.

The sound of their frenzied fucking filled the room, a wet nasty squelching accompanying the drum-like tattoo of her sweating body being pounded time and time against the wall.

“AAAAAAAAAHHH,” Tanya gasped again, climaxing for a third time, her body twitching uncontrollably as she lost all control.

Jake squeezed her breasts through her bra, loving the sight of her massive tits swelling against the confining lace. His balls were drawing up close to his body as his pleasure level escalated, his sack becoming taut as a drum.

“Oh Jake, fuck me,” Tanya moaned loudly, the muscles in her experienced cunt closing down on his pistoning dick as he plowed it into her.

“Oh fuck, yes.....,” Jake hissed, loving the feel of his mother’s molten snatch gripping and massaging him as she flexed down, the hot wet tissues rippling luxuriously along the full length of his veiny shaft. Her legs were now crossed behind his back as she got into it, rolling her hips against his as their bodies worked together, each of them bringing the other as much pleasure as possible. She pushed back against the wall behind her, tipping her hips up, the head of his burrowing prick now rubbing vigorously against the roof of her vagina, the enormous knob wickedly teasing the hot folds of flesh separating her vagina from her clitoris.

“OH.....OH.....OH....,” Tanya threw her head against his shoulder, her cunt pulling and gripping his rock-hard prick as she thrust her hips against his. For Jake, that was all it took to send him over the edge.

“FUCK MOM.....I’M GONNA COME” he warned as he felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock. He drew back once more and slammed forward, sending her thudding against the wall as he totally impaled her, his midsection pressed flush up against her shaven mound, the enflamed crown of his buried cock rubbing hotly against her cervix. The first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth, spurting into his mother like a fireball.

“Oh God, I can feel you coming,” Tanya hissed as the feel of her son going off triggered another orgasm deep inside her. She threw herself back against the wall, her hands smacking it loudly on each side of her as he continued to unload, flooding her insides with hot thick cum. She worked his buried prick with her talented cunt as they both climaxed, her pussy gripping and pulling at his gnarled shaft, trying to pull as much of his potent seed out of him as she could.

Jake was in heaven, the delicious contractions in his midsection overwhelming him as he came, spurt after spurt of milky semen pasting itself against the hot wet tissues deep inside her hungry cunt. He continued to ejaculate as his muscular body pressed her against the wall, a barrage of semen gushing into her tight, wet pussy.

Tanya could feel him filling her up, the overflow leaking out of their joined bodies and sliding wickedly down the crack of her ass. She

couldn't believe the amount of semen he was putting into her, but after what seemed like a minute, their mutual orgasms finally dwindled, and she quivered contentedly as a delicious shiver ran down her spine. She lay back against the wall, her eyes closed as her breathing slowly returned to normal, her full breasts still being cupped in her son's big masculine hands.

"Did you like that Christmas present, Mom?" Jake asked, a satisfied smile on his handsome young face.

"Oh my God," Tanya replied wearily. She knew there was no longer any reason to deny or protest against what had just happened. In the end, she knew she wanted it just as much as he did. "That...that was incredible. I've never been fucked like that in my entire life."

"I'm glad you liked it." Jake rolled his hips slowly, stirring his mother's insides like a batch of thick wet cement.

Tanya's eyes opened wide as she looked at her son in surprise. "You're.....you're still hard!"

"When it comes to you, Mom, I think I'm gonna be hard all night long." He rolled his hips again, eliciting a deep animalistic groan from her. "And, unlike Santa, I come more than once a year."

Tanya shivered at her son's brazen behavior, and looked down between their joined bodies. A frothy ring of milky fluid was oozing

out at the point her slick labia circled his buried pecker. She reached down and drew a slender fingertip all around that obscene connection. She lifted her finger, their combined juices looking sinfully wicked against her crimson nail polish. Jake watched, totally enthralled, as his mother took her cum-covered finger and slipped it between her lips. Her pouty red lips closed down, locking onto her finger, her cheeks caving in as she started to suck.

“Mmmm,” she purred, savoring the masculine flavor of her son’s potent semen combined with her warm cunt-honey. Jake saw the muscles in her throat contract as she swallowed, the silky fluid sliding warmly down her throat. She reluctantly withdrew her finger from her sucking lips and looked at Jake, fiery lust burning in her eyes. With a moan of surrender, she leaned forward and kissed her son passionately, hunching her lewdly spread loins against his still-hard prick.

Jake slid his hands beneath her curvy rump and carried her over near the couch, then lifted her right up and off his rearing prick. His greasy cock came out with a lewd wet sound as it snapped up rigidly against his midsection. Tanya eased her legs down to the floor, feeling unsteady from the intense fucking her son had just given her. As she steadied herself, she felt a gooey bolus of semen ooze out of her ravaged pussy, the viscous fluid running down the insides of her thighs.

Jake looked at his mother and smiled. She had that “I was just thoroughly fucked—and I loved it” look that he was getting accustomed to seeing from these older women whose sexual

appetites had been lying dormant for so long. “Bend over,” he said as he moved behind her.

The alcohol and her newly-awakened desires had taken control of Tanya. Her body was on fire—and she wanted more. She turned to the couch and leaned over, straightening her glistening legs and shifting them to each side, knowing exactly what her son wanted from her. Jake felt his still-hard prick surge as he looked at her bent-over form, the top of her dress pulled down over her arms to gather at her midsection, the hem rising high on the backs of her full creamy thighs. Her bountiful breasts looked deliciously inviting as she leaned forwards, the voluminous globes still exquisitely encased in the sexy bra, mounds of soft tit-flesh swelling over the curving bra cups.

Jake fisted his dick as he moved close in behind her, pushing her short dress up to the small of her back, obscenely exposing her backside. He pushed the enormous knob of his throbbing cock down until it snuggled right in between her dripping pussy-lips. With the broad head captured between the hot petals at the opening of her cunt, he let go of his erection and grabbed her wide hips. He adjusted his stance to make sure he had just the leverage he wanted, flexed back, and then resolutely drove forward, skewering his mother with the thrusting spear between his legs.

“Ohhnnnnnnnnn,” Tanya groaned, instinctively arching her back as the enormous cock carved into her aching loins like a fleshy scimitar. She could feel her son’s pulsing dick rising high into her steamy love-pocket, the enflamed knob stretching her insides with unrelenting

force. Jake held firmly onto her wide hips as he persistently drove forwards, feeling the intense heat of her pussy enveloping his surging pecker. He watched her labia stretching salaciously around his immense girth as he fed inch after thick hard inch into her from behind. Finally, with a slow grinding roll of his hips, he felt his midsection press flush up against her curvy backside, his huge erection buried to the hilt.

“Ohnn....ohnn....ohnnn,” Tanya moaned, her seething snatch stuffed absolutely full of rock-hard cock. Jake slowly drew back, watching her clinging pussy-lips pulling outward as he withdrew, their connected bodies glistening wetly with their combined juices. He pulled back until just the lemon-sized knob was captured between her labia, the livid tissues seeming to nibble and pull at his throbbing pecker. With a corkscrew roll of his hips, he slammed every hard inch back into his mother.

“OH GODDDDDDDDD,” she moaned, her body starting to shake once more. Jake really started to hammer her, his long thick cock shuttling back and forth in her molten channel relentlessly. She was gasping and moaning continuously as he fucked her, his midsection slamming noisily into her sopping loins as he drove himself balls-deep with every vigorous thrust. He reached forward and cupped her heavy breasts, running his hands over the lusciously filled bra cups as he continued to stir her steaming cunt with his jack-hammering prick. Her head dropped to the arm of the couch and she was sobbing in ecstasy as she came, her body quaking and spasming through a tingling release. She could feel her cunt gushing, sending a spray of discharge onto her son’s scrotum and thighs, the alluring scent of her womanly nectar filling the air.

Jake got into a smooth rhythm, his turgid member rubbing over every square inch of his mother's tortured cunt. He manhandled her heavy tits, squeezing and fondling them, but still leaving them inside the blue satin bra. He loved that, loved the look of a spectacular set of tits in a sexy bra. He knew he'd get his hands fully on them soon enough, but for right now, he loved the feel of them as they strained against the cool satin fabric beneath his palms.

"Nnnnnnaaaaaaaa.....," Tanya groaned again as another climax roared through her, the fiery sensations starting deep inside her steaming cunt and blossoming throughout her entire body.

Jake was quickly catching up, his bloated nuts drawing up close to his body. He was just a couple strokes away from pasting her insides when he quickly withdrew, his glistening erection sluicing wetly out of her greasy trench.

"Lie down on the couch on your back, and hang your head over the end," he directed hurriedly. Her body quivering with wanton desire, Tanya did as he said, her head hanging over the low arm of the couch she'd just been leaning on moments ago.

Jake stepped forward, his 6'-2" muscular frame looming over her. Tanya watched as he wrapped his big hand around the base of his throbbing dick and pointed it downwards, right towards her mouth. He leaned forwards and she eagerly formed her lips into an inviting 'O', giving him a perfect target to aim for. He fed the broad

mushroom head right between her parted lips, the soft red pillows stretching almost to the tearing point as they followed the flaring contours of the enormous knob, finally locking down beyond the thick purple ridge of his corona.

Tanya swirled her tongue all over the pebbly surface of his glans, licking up the savory flavor of her own juices. The head of his prick was huge, the massive knob almost filling her mouth. She feathered the tip of her tongue into the wet red eye, getting pleasantly rewarded as a cloying wad of pre-cum oozed forth. "Mmmmm," she mewed as she swallowed, letting the slimy goo slip down her throat.

Jake was close, and it only fired his torched libido even more to see his huge cock filling his mother's pretty face, something he'd been wanting to do for years now. As he leaned over her, he reached down and placed one hand on the top of her head while his other hand circled her long regal neck. He set his feet firmly on the floor, and then started hunching up and down, fucking her face.

"Unhh.....unhh.....unhh," Tanya moaned with pleasure as her son fed his throbbing prick into her face, sawing the thick shaft back and forth between her bee-stung lips as he moved up and down, the enflamed knob of his pulsing manhood bumping softly against the hot wet tissues at the opening to her throat.

Jake would have loved to feed his sturdy cock all the way down that inviting throat of hers but, at the moment, this was just what he needed. His balls were drawn up drum-tight against his body, and he was only a couple of strokes away. His mother groaned wantonly,

the sound humming provocatively through her hot wet mouth and right into his sliding cock.

“Yesssssss,” Jake gasped as the scintillating contractions began in his midsection. “Here you go, Mom, it’s all for you.” He felt his throbbing dick twitch, the first rope of semen spewing forth.

He could feel her sucking feverishly as he held onto her head, her tongue swirling all around the knob of his bucking cock as a barrage of cum shot forth, filling her hot oral cavity. His body was shaking as he unloaded, flooding her mouth with wad after wad of hot milky seed. He looked down to see it backing up, white froth oozing out around her sucking lips, pearly rivulets leaking from the corners of her mouth and running down her cheeks. His mother’s eyes went wide, overwhelmed by the amount of semen her son was feeding to her. She swallowed, the creamy fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat to a welcoming spot in the pit of her stomach.

Jake smiled as his mother swallowed, his hand circling her neck feeling the muscles contracting as the silky goo slithered wantonly down her throat. He kept shooting, totally unloading within her hot sucking mouth. Bubbles of cum appeared at the corners of her mouth, the filmy bubbles finally breaking, spackling her face with silvery gobs of semen. The milky spurts kept coming, and her mouth kept overflowing, thick white gobs sliding down her chin until, at last, the delicious sensations of his climax waned, the final oozing drops of manly nectar flowing onto her tongue. He kept his hand on her neck, gently caressing it as she swallowed his massive load.

“C’mon,” Jake said, pulling his spent dick from her avidly sucking mouth. “Let’s go upstairs. I’m not done with you yet.” He took her hand and pulled her to her feet, the area all around her mouth wet with saliva and cum, gobs of milky semen dangling from her chin. He led her to the master bedroom, to the bed she’d shared with her husband for all these years.

Jake had her remove her dress and bra, so he could have free access to her voluptuous body. He told her to leave her high-heels on. Tanya found it wickedly exciting to be wearing only the sexy shoes in bed, the stiletto heels digging into the mattress as she flexed her loins up against his.

For the rest of the night, Jake fucked her in every position imaginable. One minute he’d be kneeling between her legs holding her legs up and out to each side in a lewdly inviting V as he rocked his hips back and forth, his horse-like cock stretching and filling her, his surging prick sinking in and out as he used her oily twat as a welcoming receptacle for his lust-driven desires. Then he’d flip her over and pull her to her knees, shuttling his rampant cock in and out of her greasy snatch from behind. He took her sideways, one leg pulled high into the air, and then he’d roll over and pull her on top of him, letting her ride him as she settled deep in the saddle, her clutching labia nestled right down around the base of his thrusting erection.

When he wasn’t fucking her, he’d sit back against the headboard and have her kneeling between his legs, her head bobbing on his dick as she worked to bring him back to full hardness. She was amazed by

the stamina and endurance of the teenager. He'd run his fingers through her lustrous blonde hair and move her mouth just where he wanted it as she made sweet oral love to her special Christmas present. With the robust vigor of youth, it seemed to take no time at all after one climax for her mouth to have him ready for action again.

Jake was thrilled by his mother's seemingly insatiable hunger as well. They had both lost count of the number of times she had climaxed, but she kept coming back for more. She would seem to be on the verge of fatigued collapse, only to start bucking her flushed needy body against his with unlimited zeal, meeting him thrust for thrust.

Finally, in the early morning hours, Tanya had collapsed into the sheets, blissfully exhausted. But Jake wasn't finished. With his mother lying almost comatose next to him, he kneeled over her, slowly fisting his rigid cock. When he came, he sprayed his load all over her face and tits, painting her with his milky seed.

Jake got up and looked back at his mother. The whole room reeked of sex, the intoxicating scent wafting sensually into his nostrils. His mother lay there, rapturously content, semen all over her gorgeous body. The stuff was everywhere, milky ribbons and silvery gobs in her hair, all over her face and tits, with pearly clumps clinging lewdly to her thick crimson nipples. The sticky goo was all over her midsection, especially around her swollen pussy-lips and inner thighs. Jake looked down at the obscene whitish trail oozing sluggishly from her shiny pink labia, sliding down the crack of her ass and making a sizable puddle on the sheets beneath her. He

looked back at his mother's pretty cum-covered face, peaceful and beautiful in contented slumber.

Jake went to the kitchen and poured himself a big glass of orange juice, the fresh citric taste feeling exquisite as he took a big gulp. He turned on his cell phone and checked for messages. He had a number from the neighborhood MILFs, the grateful women texting him with holiday greetings. There was one from his mother's best friend, Rebecca Woods, that especially intrigued him. He thought about his mother's golf partner who lived a few doors down. The raven-haired beauty had a great set of tits and a juicy cunt that had pulled at his cock like a hot buttery fist.

Jake smiled as he re-read her text. She asked if he'd be available to pop by for a couple of hours on Boxing Day. Her husband was going to be taking their two kids to see his parents for most of the day. She was going to be staying at home—feigning illness. She hoped that Jake would be able to stop by in the afternoon and bring her some creamy cough syrup to soothe the sore throat she anticipated having. She also asked if he could possibly bring his big thermometer with him—she figured it might be good if he could help take her internal temperature at least a couple of times to make sure she was okay.

With a smile, Jake turned off his phone and finished his orange juice before heading back upstairs. His mother was still in her marital bed, where he planned to keep her the rest of the day, stuffing her like a Christmas turkey over and over. He stopped by his own room on the way and picked up his big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline, thinking it was time to start loosening up that cute little rosebud of hers. After all,

when he was done with her today, he expected her to offer up all three of her delightful holes to him any time he wanted — just like the other women he'd come to know lately. With the torrid intensity she had shown for everything they had done so far, Jake knew his mother would love it just as much as the others.

Yes indeed. It was going to be a very merry Christmas after all.

THE END